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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

What mould will be my flesh and bone before
That star is there again!

Padraic Colum

SHROUDS

Ho! Stranger, consider and give answer!—

Whether a lonely bed in a sun-struck veldt
With the eagles crying above you,
And a soft-nosed bullet spreading and grinding
Beneath a bloodless puncture,
And the winds singing in the brilliant-blue:

Or a damned respectable passing at Clapham—
Rival undertakers with black-edged Gothic-lettered
Cards waiting on your unwashed doorstep.
(Mary Ann is resting from the shock of grief!)
“Very reverent, Madam,” say they, “with three carriages,
Black horses and plumes” (to say nothing of a brass-bound
Coffin!); “cheap and very respectable.” (Damned re-
spectable!)

Such is the passing of most men.

Better, say I, the sand, and the sound of the eagles crying!
Reeves Brook